

DAMOCLES.

HAPPY! thrice happy is his Fate!
Who sits enthron'd in Regal State.
Honour and Justice are but words,
A Crown substantial Bliss affords,
We, Wretches, born to Want and Strife,
Drag slowly on, an odious Life.
Thee! mighty King! we all adore,
And Blessings from thy Hand implore.
Possess our Goods and seize our Land,
Our Daughters and our Wives command.
With Dread we see Thee plac'd above,
True Representative of J O V E.
Our Fates with thy Resolves comply,
Thou smil'st, we live; thou frown'st, we dy.
Oh! were I blest'd with sovereign Sway!
Might I command one Week, one Day!
All future Ills I would disdain,
Such Joys should wait my short-liv'd Reign.

Thus DAMOCLES, by Passions sway'd,
To Royal D I O N Y S I U S pray'd.

False Hopes and Fears our Reason Blind,
The Joys propos'd, we never find.
To Day, new Objects we enjoy,
To Morrow, we complain they cloy.
Again we wish, again we change,
Still craving, and still restless range.

The Tyrant smil'd, while thus address'd,
And yielded to the Slave's Request.
He knew, what Toils on Empire wait,
What anxious Cares surround the Great,
What Torment with Ambition rules;
For Tyrants are not always Fools.

As modern Princes, with a Word,
Exalt a Footman to a Lord;
So D I O N Y S I U S gave Command,
The Parasite shou'd rule the Land;
Upon his Head a Crown was plac'd,
The purple Robe his Shoulders grac'd.
In his Left-Hand the Ball he weigh'd,
And with his Right, the Scepter sway'd.
Despotic King proclaim'd aloud;
Long live the K I N G! reply'd the Crowd.

Weak Mortals have their diff'rent Views,
This Man avoids, what That pursues.
So sings D A N P R I O R in his Fable,
He wants a Crown, She asks a Ladle.

Yet mid'st his Regal Pomp and State,
He found that mortal Man must eat.
A sumptuous Banquet he prepares,
Adds Wine and Musick, Foes to Cares.
In L O N D O N Town, at Lord Mayor's Treat,
Was never known a Feast so great.
Nor e'er plump Alderman was seen-
With Thirst or Appetite more keen.

Who now but DAMOCLES is blest'd!
Exulting, to be thus carest'd.
In Transport while he rould his Eyes,
And upward look'd, amaz'd, he spies
A pointed Sword hang o'er his Head,
Suspended by one single Thread.

No longer now does he behold,
The sparkling Wine in burnish'd Gold.
Nor has he now Desire to eat;
The fragrant Fri , the luscious Meat
Dropt from his Hand; the dreadful Sight
Allow'd no Room to taste Delight.
Nor Music now, nor Flatt'ry please,
Th' impending Sword destroys his Peace.

Thus Tyrants, thus Usurpers fare,
Oppress'd with Toil and rack'd with Care.
No safety from their Guards they find,
No Arms protect the guilty Mind.
Scepters, and Globes, and Crowns are Toys,
The Worm within their Peace destroys.
Are Armies rais'd to guard their Crown?
Those very Armies pull them down.
Honour and Vertue they deride,
In Knaves and Madmen they confide.
Can Knaves and Madmen grateful prove?
Can he be safe, whom no Men love?
By grievous Taxes, Wealth they gain,
While lavish Bribes their Coffers drein.
Thus the exhausted Land grows poor,
Without addition to their Store.
With rising Day new Fav'rites shine,
And with the setting Sun decline.
Entrusted, against common Sense,
And laid aside without Offence.
Daily they change, of All afraid,
And by each Change are weaker made.
Till Friends and Foes at length combine,
And crush, at once, th' Inglorious Line.